

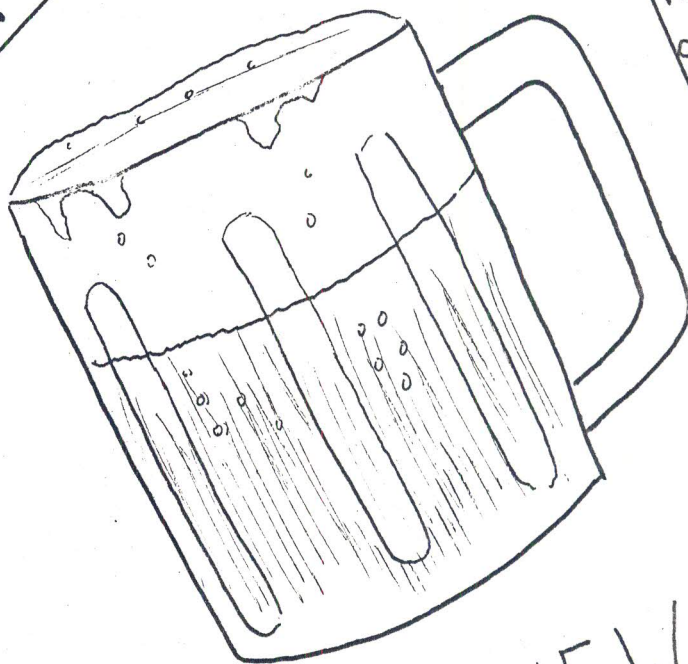
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FEB. 1982

#13

3RD ANNIVERSARY!

HELP
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COLLATORS



UNDER NEW
MANAGEMENT

Mark Blank 1/82

ANAKREON

#13, APA-Folk Mailing #13

1 February 1982

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE INVESTOR

by Harry Manogg

((These verses, to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", first appeared in my war-gaming fanzine GRAUSTARK #144 on 18 November 1967.))

My eyes have seen the greenbacks from the Dow-Jones Average rise,
which started with the mushroom cloud in Hiroshima's skies.
Korea helped it quite a bit, and so did Lyndon's lies,
As we go bulling on.

CHORUS: Up it, up it, Dow-Jones Average.
Up it, up it, Dow-Jones Average.
Up it, up it, Dow-Jones Average.
As we go bulling on.

There are stocks in tractor companies but they're not doing well,
You're better off investing yours to blow the world to hell,
For the last time we had peace, oh boy, look how the market fell,
As we go bulling on.

CHORUS:

He is not called Daddy Peacebucks, he knows where the profits are,
Forget about the beckoning of a far distant star,
Who would have a great space program rather than a bloody war,
As we go bulling on.

CHORUS:

There may be another Friday just as black as it can be,
For there was one in twenty-nine, and one in sixty-three,
Lord, let the other chumps get caught, and me get out scot-free,
As we go bulling on.

CHORUS:

What is good for General Motors, folks, is good for you and me
Despite the many, many graves so far across the sea,
You can always phone condolences thanks to A. T. & T.,
As we go bulling on.

CHORUS:

Great-grandpa had a building just as fine as it could be.
It made a pile for all my folks, it makes a pile for me.
So what if it was built for ten, I rent to ninety-three,
As we go bulling on.

CHORUS:

"DIE FAHNE HOCH! DIE REIHEN FEST GESCHLOSSEN!"

Fifteen or twenty years ago, all the best folksongs and folk songs seemed to belong to various sects of liberals and socialists. The liberals had "We Shall Overcome", "Who's Going to Investigate the Man Who Investigates the Man Who Investigates Me?", and the songs from the Garment Workers' musical "Pins and Needles". The various socialist groups had some fairly standard ones which were usually passed out in meetings on badly mimeographed sheets. The Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), who were still around then, had their own songbook, best known for the scathing anti-war parody of "Onward Christian Soldiers". And there were two volumes of The People's Songbook (Bonl & Gaer, 1948 & 1953).

The editions of the socialist songbooks differed. The Social Democrats and the followers of the late Leon Trotsky always included the song that began, to the tune of "Clementine":

"In the Kremlin, in the Kremlin, in the fall of '39,
Sat a Roosian and a Proosian, working out the Party Line..."

Communists omitted this one. But some were held in common, such as this version of Irving Berlin's "God Bless America":

"God bless Free Enterprise,
System divine!
Stand beside her, and guide her,
Just as long as the profits are mine.
Corporations, may they flourish.
Good old Wall Syreet, may she grow!
God bless Free Enterprise,
The status quo!
God bless Free Enterprise,
The status quo!"

"God Bless America", in the original text, has always presented a problem to conservatives. The words exactly fit their sentiments, uniting America with god in a fashion not seen since ancient Israel imagined herself to consist of a divinely chosen people. But before World War II this song was not often heard at conservative rallies because its author is a Jew. Nor does it quite stir the blood as do the patriotic songs which were not written by professional craftsmen of popular tunes. Still, it does include god, which The Star-Spangl'd Banner does not, unless you perform a capitalization in the fourth line of the fourth and last verse:

"Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation."

Francis Scott Key did not capitalize "power", but it is the common modern usage. Sometimes a suggestion is made to replace "The Star Spangl'd Banner" by some other song whose appeal to heaven is a bit more obvious - not "America" because it is, after all, the British anthem's tune as well, but "America the Beautiful", perhaps. Some cynic has already prepared for that eventuality with this version:

"Oh, beautiful, for atom bombs,
For rows and rows of tanks,
For aeroplanes that cloud the sky,
Obedient troops in ranks.
America, America,
Thy power and might we'll tell.
To show the world what freedom means,
We'll bomb them all to hell!"

Meanwhile, the fires of creativity seemed to be banked over on the political Right. As Time magazine remarked, during a squabble in the early '60s over "dir-ty" folksongs in Washington Square Park, there are very few songs in favor of virginity or the Federal Reserve System. (About the latter I don't know, but for the former there is the old Scots song "Eppie Maury". "And Willie grat and Willie spat, But he could nae stretch her spey.") Minor flurries of creativity did excite them from time to time. A poetaster named Parmentel tried writing a few, but he got into an argument with William F. Buckley and sank without a trace. A New Jersey chapter of the Young Americans for Freedom (YAF), calling themselves "the Ratfinks", brought out a songbook. However, a song to the tune of "Jingle Bells" included the lines:

"On what fun it is to see
The Nazis back in town!"

The more respectable sort of American conservative has always been afraid of arousing public curiosity as to what American conservatives were doing in the 1930s, and so this youthful exuberance was quashed - fast.

During the First Americo-Vietnamese war, such pro-war songs as "The Ballad of the Green Berets" and "Okie from Muskogee" had a brief vogue. There was also "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere", which has since at least the 1940s been the Country-and-Western form of the National Anthem. But conservatism is still, apparently, searching for something that will fire the hearts of their fol-lowers and of the general public in the way that "This Land is Your Land" or "We Shall Overcome" did to their opposition. But now, at least, they are seriously trying. Or such is the impres-sion that I got from a report, in the New York Times of 22 Aug-ust 1981. Dudley Clendinen was reporting the opening of the 11th convention of YAF in Boston.

This is

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

1096

YAF represents the only successful attempt since World War I to found a conservative youth group in this country. Students for America, which looked very promising in the middle 1950s, suddenly vanished, and simply does not appear in any modern account of American conservatism. And the National Youth Alliance of the late 1960s broke up into fragments and was taken over by either the Nazis or the Moonies, I forget which. But YAF, which is about 20 years old, has placed a number of its alumni in the Reagan Administration, and seems very proud of the fact.

Yet what should appear in Clendinen's account of the YAF convention's lighter hours, but the first four lines of the above-quoted parody of "God Bless Amer-ica"! Granted, the third line was changed to:

"Stand beside her, don't deride her,"

and it is a second-order parody, but at least an effort has been made. This and other songs appeared in The YAF Songbook. Intoxicated by the triumph of their ideals under the Reagan Administration, the YAF conventioners were working their way through the songbook with an enthusiasm which Clendinen's report caught very well.

Nor did they contest the designations hung on them by their opposition through two decades of political name-calling. Patrick S. Korter of the U. S. Office of Personnel Management was introduced as "a right-wing fanatic just like the rest of us". He responded by saying, "It's always nice to be back among fel-low right wing nuts." One song from the songbook attempts to hold the mirror up to the opposition's forebodings. It is, of course, to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", without which half the folksinging you hear of would be impossible:

"Mine eyes have seen the horrors of the militant extreme,
I have heard about their tennis shoes and eyes that madly gleam.
They are armed and more fanatical than you would ever dream,
I'll track down every one."

Whatever your political views, or lack of them, the Young Americans for Freedom force you to admire them for their frankness. To the tune of "Deck the Halls", they sing:

"Deck the halls with Commie corpses,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
'Tis the time to be remorseless,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
Wield we now our sharp stiletts,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
Carve the pinks into confetti,
Fa la la la la la la la la."

This is not an unauthorized group like the Ratfinks, whose fate is to be repudiated by the leadership. This verse appears in YAF's own songbook, and must be regarded as a statement of intentions. It recalls the sentiments that National Review's poet laureate, W. H. von Dreele, put into print when union members were beating up Pacifists a decade ago:

"Oh, what fun it is to watch
The weirdos get it in the crotch!"

Although conservatives are trying, much harder than they used to, to get suitable songs for their movement, they have a long way to go before they can match the forces of the Left - a term which in their eyes covers all the ground from George Bush to Carlos, inclusive. As Tom Lehrer put it, describing the folksingers who still keep alive the memory of the Second Spanish Republic (1931-1939):

"They may have won all the battles,
But we had all the good songs."

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. It circulates in APA-Filk, the quarterly filksong amateur press association, whose editor is Bob Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N. Y. 11598. The copy count is 50, and the next mailing will be collated on 1 May 1982. Bob can provide back issues, and mailing service, to anyone who sends him a sufficient amount of money. Write him for details.

This issue of ANAKREON is also going to other people whom I think may be interested in it. Back issues are 50¢ each.

This issue of ANAKREON will be printed as soon after my receipt of the 12th Mailing as I can manage. It will contain comments on both the 11th and the 12th Mailings. My contribution to the 12th Mailing consisted entirely of yet more verses for "That Real Old-Time Religion", and other songs serious and frivolous from those - er - interesting people who are reviving the worship of the Goddess of the Witches and various other ancient Pagan deities. The 6th, 8th, 10th, and 12th issues of ANAKREON were devoted to such songs. From now on, every fourth issue of ANAKREON will be devoted entirely to Neo-Pagan songs. This is the issue that will appear each year on 1 November, a holiday called "Samhain" (pronounced "Sawen") by the Witches, and which is ancestral to the sanitized Christian holiday of "All Saints" and the secularized "Hallowe'en". Such issues have a particularly large printing, and are circulated by my many Neo-Pagan friends, to whom I am indebted for the songs.

APA-F#11K Cover (Blackman): The whistle-submarine meets the guitar-whale!
Singspiel #11 (Blackman): Deutschland über Alles is also the tune to the alma mater songs of Columbia University and the University of Pittsburgh.

If President Reagan can bring back the gold standard, as he has promised to do, gold-guarding dragons will once again come into fashion. To judge by the experience of the British, when they tried it in 1926, so will general strikes. This in turn will stimulate the composition of another wave of dull and poorly written union songs.

Of course, unions aren't what they used to be, and many of them face challenges from the rank and file. I have heard one version of the venerable union song "Solidarity Forever", which reverses two nouns in the first line, and comes out this way:

"When the workers' inspiration through the union's blood shall run..."

Something of Note #11 (Lipton): We're sorry to see you leave the Official Editorship, Bob. You've put a lot of work into this apa, and we are all indebted to you for it. I can take over its management if no one else is interested, but I should be regarded as strictly a last resort, as I already have a lot of other publications on my hands.

Somewhere or other I've seen a version of "Eddystone Light" suitable for Marsupial Fandom. It begins:

"My father was the keeper of the London Zoo,
He slept one night with a kangaroo..."

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn #11 (Groot) & Hemidemisequaver #7 (Kare): Thanks for the reports on various convention filksings. If the high price of petroleum derivatives keeps a lot of us from attending conventions, reports on the people who could make it are good to read.

Best of luck, Jordin, on your doctoral exams.

"Watering the workers' Beer" is a venerable English folk/filksong, though its strong class-consciousness makes it out of fashion these days. I'm surprised that Jerry Pournelle considers it worth singing. I was once in touch with a young lady from London, who learned it in the Labour Party's youth group. The first verse, as we now know it, ends:

"I've a car and a yacht and an aeroplane, and I water the workers' beer."

But she told me that an older version, dating the song, goes:

"I've a house in town, and a coach and four, and I water the workers' beer."

Strum und Drang #11 (Burwasser): I am in complete agreement with your remarks about Filthy Pierre. His collection of micro-filk, though hard on the eyes, are just the place to get started.

What you call a "hybrid" is what I always thought of as the "Midwest style".

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time (Middleton): I vaguely recall that, about 20 years ago, Playboy published an illustrated version of the ballad version of Anatole France's Thais. However, I don't recall the author's name. My favorite rhyme from that ballad is:

"They lay there in a stupor sent by booze of more than two per cent."

ANAKREON #11 (me): The second line of the third verse of Rich Bartucci's "Old Gland Liver" should of course be:

"He sit dere waitin', trans-am-1-natin'!"

And I now recall that "Lazarus Woodrow Wilson Long" was in a later Malling, and not in the first one.

Strum und Drang #12 (Burwasser): For more details about the Therapsids, see John McLoughlin's book Synapsida, about the critters that crossed the boundary line from reptile to mammal during the Permian. So "Monotreme Fandom" is really Therapsid fandom? McLoughlin has this - er - weird sense of humor, and if he ever hears of the songs of Monotreme and Marsupial Fandoms, he's likely to include them in his next books on palaeontology. Another version I've heard is, that the platypus and the echidna are surviving members of the Multituberculata, an order of mammals that did very well against dinosaur competition during the Mesozoic, but were replaced by more advanced forms afterwards. Genetically, we're closer to kangaroos than either of us is to the platypus. The platypus hasn't got beyond dumping all the body wastes out the same orifice, which is what "Monotreme" really means anyway. (But nothing rhymes with "Multituberculata.")

As far as the SCA ought to be concerned, forks are period; they were introduced into England from Italy during the reign of King Richard II.

There seems to be a lot of scope, within the Society for ~~Guessing What Century It Is~~ Creative Anachronism for satirical songs about the tough guy who turned out on proof to be not so tough as he thought he was. Once I heard Sherma Comerford sing a song about a SCAdian who wasn't quite as attractive to women as he thought he was. I can scarcely remember much about it, but I believe that, in the song, the unfortunate wooer was called "Randy Dandy".

Singspiel #12 (Blackman): Somewhere Out There is a Freudian folksong that begins "A thing's a phallic symbol if it's longer than it's wide."

"Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair" is yet another of the anachronisms in Hägar the Horrible. (And they're a damn sight more "creative" than the SCA's, too!) I believe that it was written in the present century by a folk music enthusiast who either modeled it after, or tried to pass it off as, something from Tudor England.

Zaphod Beeblebrox and Me (Baker): I've already told the readers of DAGON, but I'll let you folks in on it too. If you anagrammatize the letters in "ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX" you get "BEELEBEOB - PHARO - D-X". The New Testament informs us that "Beelzebub" is one of the names of a, or The, devil. (In Hebrew, 'o' and 'u' are represented by the same letter.) "Pharo" is an alternate spelling of the persecutor of the Children of Israel. (Those letters might also stand for "Orphan", who unlike her sister Ruth, in the book of that name, rejected the grace of god. Also, the letters might represent "Harpo", a name subversive of the divinely ordained order of the universe.) And "D-X" is radio slang for "long distance", and what could be longer than the distance between heaven and hell? We are treading on perilous ground here!

Besides, who could believe a situation in which the President turns out to be the biggest crook of all?

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn #12 (Groot): Don't just tell us about these interesting filkers you met at conventions. Send their addresses, so they can be sent sample copies of APA-Filk. Or take copies along with you, and hand them out. Or give them the OE's address. We need fresh blood.

(Considering all the SCA people in APA-Filk, maybe I shouldn't have phrased it quite that way!)

In times gone by, almost the only chance a woman had to make her own choice of a husband was in a second marriage. (Personally, I would wager that Princess Catherine of France was much happier with Owen Tudor, whether or not she actually went so far as to marry him, than she was with "the mirror of all Christian kings" Henry V of England. Being married to King Henry V must have been like going to bed with the front cover of Soldier of Fortune.)

There are no "woodsfire" women in my background, for which any relevant goddesses be praised!

I thoroughly agree with the sentiments expressed in "Biggest Tourney in the World".

(continued on p. 8)

WE SHALL OVERKILL

As the report, on page 2, of the songs of the last Y. A. F. convention shows, our new times require new folksongs. The 'movement' songs of the 1960s, the songs for civil rights and against war, must yield to songs more appropriate to the realities of the 1980s. The cause of peace is now approximately as viable as the cause of the Royal Stuarts - a cause which also, in its day, produced a lot of folk music.

In a humble effort towards adjusting folksinging to the new realities of the 49th Presidentiad - as Walt Whitman would have put it - I am proposing a new song to a tune reclaimed from the now vanished Pacifist movement. All letters are to be sung out as written; I here scorn such acronymous words as "Nayto" or "A wax". This goes for scientific symbols, too; the symbols for magnesium and the neutron are to be read respectively as "Em Jee" and "Zero En One".

We shall overkill!
We shall overkill!
We shall overkill someday!
I. C. B. M.
M. I. R. V.
We shall overkill someday.

We shall rule the world!
We shall rule the world!
We shall rule the world someday!
N. E. T. O.
And O. A. S.
We shall rule the world someday.

We shall get revenge!
We shall get revenge!
We shall get revenge someday!
K. C. I. A.
D. I. N. A.
We shall get revenge someday.

We shall all get rich!
We shall all get rich!
We shall all get rich someday!
I. T. & T.
Exxon, B. P.
We shall all get rich someday.

We shall tell them off!
We shall tell them off!
We shall tell them off someday!
There's I. C. A.
And R. F. E.
We shall tell them off someday!

We shall strip their trees!
We shall strip their trees!
We shall strip their trees someday!
Use 2-4-D,
Orange, Napalm,
we shall strip their trees someday!

We shall bomb the Jews!
We shall bomb the Jews!
We shall bomb the Jews someday!
A. W.
And A. C. S.
We shall bomb the Jews someday.

We shall mine the brine!
We shall mine the brine!
We shall mine the brine someday!
Under the sea,
That's our Mg,
We shall mine the brine someday.

We shall make them sick!
We shall make them sick!
We shall make them sick someday!
First P. C. B.
Then Bina-ry,
We shall make them sick someday.

We shall sink their ships!
We shall sink their ships!
We shall sink their ships someday!
F-14, Cruise,
And CV(N)
We shall sink their ships someday.

We shall kill their chiefs!
We shall kill their chiefs!
We shall kill their chiefs someday!
Fu'ad, Rajjal,
Allende, Che -
We shall kill their chiefs someday.

We shall wipe them out!
We shall wipe them out!
We shall wipe them out someday!
M. X., B-1,
on
we shall wipe them out someday!

F+L+E+S+H

(Future Laughable Emergency Surgical Hospitals)

Tune: The M+A+S+H theme.

Wasn't this a funny war,
 Just the kind we'd waited for,
 Sex and thrills and laughs galore,
 How'd you like to have one more?
 So you are all invited,
 To come and be delighted,
 In Greece, Iran, Angola, or Peru,
 (Or Libya, or El Salvador, or Mu!)

GETTING CAUGHT UP (continued from p. 6)

And could you please give a few addresses for all the new filksong collections you casually mention on the last page of your contribution?)

Hemidemisemiquaver #8 (Kare): A few years ago I reviewed Clark's and Stephenson's book on historical supernovae in my s-f fanzine DAGON. A copy comes to you with this APA-Filk Mailing. Provided that no sentient beings are bothered by it, I would say that this galaxy is long overdue for a good supernova. Best of luck with the thesis.

(Did you see an article a few months ago speculating that the second-century supernova in Centaurus was observed by Roman as well as Chinese astrologers?)

APA-Filk is collated and mailed out every 3 months from the residence of the publisher of this 'zine. (Address below.) If you would like to contribute, send 50 copies of your filksinging 'zine; the next collation date is 1 May 1982. If you don't have printing facilities, send me Gestetner mimeograph stencils or ditto masters with your contribution, and I'll print them for 1¢ per sheet per copy. If you don't have these, send your contribution to Bob Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598, and he'll electrostencil them at 40¢ a copy, and I'll print them. If you'd like more than 50 copies, let me know, and I'll send you the excess. I'll mail APA-Filk to anyone who sends me the postage money, and keeps the account from falling into arrears by more than \$2.00. To find the state of your balance, subtract from the figure below the postage on the envelope that brings you this, and another 3¢ for the envelope. Specify whether you want APA-Filk by 1st-class or 3rd-class mail.

ANAKREON #13

John Boardman
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FIRST CLASS MAIL

Your postage and printing
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SOMETHING OF NOTE #13

... is produced for APA-Filk, that quarterly apa of Filksinging and
catterwauling which I was
silly enough to propose,
by Robert Bryan Lipton of
556 Green Place, Woodmere,
New York 11598, telephone
[516] 374-5737. This is being done some time in January.

There is an old saying that you should not ask God for favors, because he might grant them. Lee Burwasser should have known better than to rope John Boardman and myself into a filksing at Philcon with no beer about. We knew how to make her regret that indiscretion: we sang. Towards the end of the evening it got to the point that Lee could get people to start singing whenever she chose to: "If you don't sing something right now, Bob will lead us in something."

During an earlier lull in the Zingfest, someone began to tell lightbulb jokes. You know: "How many _____s does it take to screw in a lightbulb?" followed by numbers ranging from none for Jewish mothers ("I'll just sit here in the dark.") to 93,000,001 for ecologists (93,000,000 to run a dropcord to the sun and one to write the ecological impact statement.).

Lee rapidly grew tired of this after only a half hour of these jokes and issued a decree: any further lightbulb jokes would have to be sung. If any were simply told she would tell me to start singing.

We went on to some other songs. Suddenly, John burst out with:

Changing the lightbulb, changing the lightbulb,
You'll come a-changing the lightbulb with me.
And we sang as we opened up another ethnic group:
"You'll come a-changing the lightbulb with me."

Lee glared at John, so during the next song I pulled out my pen and did some writing. When it was finished, I started singing:

"How many Pollacks does it take to change a bulb?"
Asked Mr. Bones. "Well, the answer's three:
One on the ladder, standing there to hold the bulb,
Two to turn the ladder and set the bulb free."

Lee glared some more. Fred Kuhn, who was present, hastily suggested that "Blowin' in the Wind" would be more suitable than "Waltzing Matilda." Since we already had a song, we ignored him.

Since then I have done another:

If a lightbulb burns out and you want to get it changed,
And only New York Fen are about,
Ask one: if you ask more they soon will be arranged
In cliques over who's to blame the bulb burned out.

It boggles the mind to think of how long this one can run. I leave it to a volunteer with a stronger streak of masochism to handle the project.

ONE MORE TIME
APA-Filk#12

SINGSPIEL #12[Mark Blackman] The reason I didn't criticize "Babel Engineers" is that I think you missed a possibility with it. It seems to me it might be better done as what I call a "Song of defiance" like "The Eagle Has Landed" or "The Engineers." I would change the chorus to:

We are, we are, we are, we are, the Babel Engineers,
We'll make our way to heaven if it takes a billion years.
Pick up the load, and walk the road
That you might walk with us.
For we don't care a clod for any god
Who doesn't care for us."

STRUM UND DRANG v.3#4[Lee Burwasser] I always thought of it as "The Most of Apa-Filk."

Loved "Morgan's Puppies." "Rosin the Beau" has the bumbling bouncy sound of young dogs.

ZAPHOD BEETLEBROX AND YOU [Greg] Since I haven't read Adam's book, no comment.

ANAKREON#12 [John] I heard Seeger singing some verses of "Real Old Time Religion" on WQXR.

When I used to sing variations of "Gee Mom, I wanna go home," There was a bridge from verse to chorus of

"I don't want no more of army life."

FILKERS DO IT 'TILL DAWN [Harold] Liked "Wasn't that a Viking."

I'm afraid that's it. I've got another page's worth of material but my electrostenciller is out again, damnit, and ... oh, what the hell.

I've been working for a year of a particular filksong. So far I've only been able to do what I assume will be the penultimate verse. The idea of the song is that we can create the future by believing in it. The tune is "Union Miner."

Since I should fill up the rest of the page before I go on, let me note that I always thought that "Union Miner" was filked from a song of people who use one-man sailing boats. It seems to me that the last two lines

Keep your hand upon the dollar
And your eye upon the scale.

would have evolved naturally from

Keep your hand upon the tiller
And your eye upon the sail.

Lee tells me that the Original song is Welsh. Anyone know anything more about it?

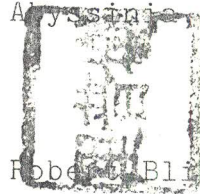
Anyway, here is the verse I've gotten:

They may sneer and they may snicker:
"Never has this thing been done."
Scan night skies: a fleeing flicker!
Something new beneath the sun.
Put behind remembered sorrow.
Cynics' fears are prison bars.
Give your hope unto tomorrow,
And your heart unto the stars.

I've polished that and polished that and tried to figure out what the Hell goes before and after that verse. I still haven't been able to get anything satisfactory before or after it, but I know the tone: that we have a great and glorious future if we work at that and forget what has gone before. I've polished that verse, as you can tell from the alliterations in the first and third lines.

If anyone knows what surrounds it, please let me know.

Abyssinia



Robert Lipton

TO: John Boardman in Brooklyn

SINGSPIEL

(sgsp) - 13th Stanza
for APA-Filk #13

Mark L. Blackman
1745 East 18th St. #4A
Brooklyn, NY 11229

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN ~~SPACEMAN~~ SAILOR?

Philcon was made interesting (cf. Chinese curse) by the presence in our hotel of Annapolis middies in for the Army-Navy game. The game tied 3-3; I don't know if they would have gotten drunker if they'd won or lost. In ~~general~~ general, they were amused by the "outer space people" and confused by signs reading "Wargaming." I hear Lee got some to join in "Our Space Opera Goes Rolling Along" and "The Outer Space Marines" (whose original tunes are not among their favorites). "Slow Elevators" was more appropriate than usual as overcrowding broke one elevator. At one point Lee and I climbed 18 floors in search of our roommates. Later Saturday night, I commuted between two ~~filks~~ filksings, Boardman/Burwasser's and Glasser's, the latter quite lively; the unicorn who joined us sure came to the wrong place to find virgins. By request, Asimov sang "Clone of My Own" (the first stanza's Garrett's, a line Heinlein's, the rest Dr. A's).

&

BARK US ALL BOW WOWS OF FOLLY

To the complaint of few, our predominantly agnostic and atheistic caroling group met with relatively mild weather. At one point, we stood outside the ex-residence of HP Lovecraft, singing "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," not waiting for eldritch applause from the thing in the cellar. The most rhythmic was a watchdog who chimed in after the line "to hear the angels sing" (from a later rendition of this song) with "woof woof!" As we walked along, some of us did Pogo and Tom Lehrer verses. The filking urge surfaced as "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" reminded one of us that, according to tradition, werewolves or vampires are born on Christmas. The chorus of "Angels We Have Heard On High" - "Gloria in excelsis Deo" - lead us into ~~temporal~~ "Dayo, day-ay-ay-o! Daylight come an' we wan' go home!" Fun and silliness all around.

-&&&- THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-FILK #12 -&&&-

COVER: Out of context, the Wally Wood panel (when translated out of the Dutch it had been translated into) made little more sense in English: "Try the no-holes." "But..." //

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: I did a funny, topical, in-groupish song on the gafiation/disappearance of a NY ditto agent (with unfinished jobs).
Greg Baker: I liked "Zaphod Beeblebrox & Me."

ANAKREON/John Boardman: V325 is what I wanted to say in v145. //
Another final one (with Abby):
// In the original "Gee, Mom I Wanna Go Home," Russ Gulevitch leaves out the first line of the Chorus: "Oh, I don't want no more of Army life" - so a line is missing from his filk; how about "Oh, I do want some more of Pagan life"? Also, "They say among the Pagans" scans better.
// By the way, John, the last line of the "Woodchuck Song" is "Blow it out your ear" (closer to the original).

*A very similar Wizard of Id strip had the kid's mother then say, "I told you to take piano."

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1/14/82

F I L K E R S D O I T

T I L L D A W N

verse 4, part 1

by Harold Groot
520 3rd St.
Pitcairn, Pa.
15140

I'm going to keep this fairly short, so I think I'll skip my usual lead-in and go straight to some

Grace Notes

LB - A good point was made against having the challenge: one should not fight a challenge over a real issue, just in case someone gets hurt. If a person gets hurt in a challenge for "I own this field", people know it's an accident. But if it's over something real.... I liked Herald and Minstrel.

JB - Becoming editor is suitable punishment for the ROTR verses.

HG - (Me) I realized that my "original" tune was very close to "Harbors", so now I just sing it to that and give credit where it's due.

MG,GB - Tune?

JK - Would you believe a cat in my dungeon can heal 1-4 HP when she scratches you? It seems that she has "the paws that refreshes".

IMPORTANT NOTICE #1 : Diana Gallagher has a new tape out, and it's got some really good stuff on it. "Moving On", a song about those who will settle the High Frontier; "The Ballad of Kelly James", a song from the Star-song series; "The Phantom Lover of the Stardrive", about a ghost(?) haunting the starlanes; The 'I've-got-those-Frozen-in-a-Spaceship-for-a-year-I'm-so-Embarassed' Blues, a follow to Joe Haldeman's song; and a very nice song about the Voyager probes, plus more. I forgot to bring in the price, but it's around \$7.50 or so. Margaret and I will have them at cons, or I can put you in touch with Diana (she loves to get fan mail). So, if you liked Moon Miners, Planetbound Lover, One Way to Go, Mass Driver Engineer, then order now.

IMPORTANT NOTICE #2 : I now have access to 2 good cassette decks. I would like to put together an APA-Filk tape as follows. Nextish, please put a short list of other people's songs (that you would like on the tape) in your 'zine. When you get to see the request list, make up a cassette tape with a few of your songs and send it to me. I will put all the songs on a master tape, copy them onto your tape, and send it back to you. Use your own judgement on how many songs to do and how long a tape to put them on, when you see the request list. Be sure to include return postage. If you know someone not in the APA who would be interested in contributing, that's fine with me also.

Some notes on the songs - they're all SCA related, and mostly self explanatory. Drachenwald is Germany, and they went directly from there to one of the biggest events the SCA has. Sister Mary's full name is Sister Mary Fermentation. The Tailor and the Mouse is actually period.

Sister Mary

by Ergard Joelson

(Tune: Pretty Mary)

 C (F C) F C
The Vikings are coming to pillage and slay,
 C (F C) F C
And all of the women are running away.

Yes, all of the women, except for just one,

A woman who's known as the Little Blue Nun.

Sister Mary, Sister Mary, don't you think it unkind,
To tackle a Viking, at least from behind?
He came to your country to rape womankind,
But this wasn't quite what the Chief had in mind.

As some were collecting their loot into piles,
The screams of the Chief could be heard many miles.
He escaped from her clutches and ran for his ships,
With his clothing in tatters and a pair of bruised lips.

Sister Mary pursued him, she ran to the beach,
And grabbed every Viking that came within reach.
She said "You came over to rape womankind,
And it wasn't by accident I stayed behind."

They dropped all their plunder and jumped in the sea.
They came here to conquer, but now they must flee.
They came here to rape, loot, burn, pillage and slay,
But now all the Viking are swimming away.

"Sister mary, Sister Mary," the townspeople say,
"How did you survive all the terrors that day?
I'm sure that you witnessed some terrible sins."
And "Poor Sister Mary" just sits there and grins.

The High (Mileage) King

by Ergard Joelson

(tune: The Tailor and the Mouse)

Am Em E Am
Of Aelfwine Dunedain I'll sing, hi-diddle-lum-kum-feed-a
Am Em E Am
He's known as the High Mileage King, hi-diddle-lum-kum-feed-a.

Am Dm
Hi-diddle-lum-kum-tintrum-tantrum, through the Eastern Kingdom,
Am Em E Am
Visits each Shire and Barony, hi-diddle-lum-kum-feed-a.

(similarly)

Queen Arastorm has traveled more, hi-etc.
As Princess journeyed here before,

In Drachenwald they got applause,
Then straight to Twelfth Night with no pause,

They went back home but did not rest,
Next Friday started driving west,

A 16 hour drive was planned,
The snow made it half that again,

The morning came after the feast,
They said "It's time to start back east,"

Wind chill was minus 61,
And frozen dragons do not run,

But dragons know a cure, I'll state,
They mouth-to-mouth resuscitate,

I've mentioned just three weeks to you,
They've done the same for fifty-two,

Please note if you would say I'm wrong,
They drove 12 hours to hear my song,

Don't They Know

by Ergard Joelson

C G
Why is that ship headed westward
Am Em
Toward that horizon so near?
F Dm Em
Don't they know, it's the end of the world?
F Dm G7
Is there nothing that they fear?

C G
Why do they search for a new world,
Am Em
Why do they follow the sun?
F Dm Em
Don't they know, it's the end of the world,
F Dm G7 C
A place that sailors ought to shun.

F C
I told them as they packed away provisions,
Dm G7 C
The world we know is flat as a book.
Em
I can't understand, no I can't understand
F Dm G7
Why someone has to go and look.

Why don't they listen to reason,
Why seek their death in the sea?
Don't they know, it's the end of the world
They'll fall for an eternity.

This is a takeoff on an early 60's tearjerker that went
Why does the sun keep on shining?
Why do the birds fly above?
Don't they know it's the end of the world?
It ended when I lost my love.

I say, get rid of the hankies, and Keep On Filking!

Harold

A WAND'RING MISTRIAL I #1

25/1/82

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COPY RIGHTS AND WRONGS

Parto Prima

Although this is my first contribution to APA-Filk, I have noticed that there seems to be a great deal of swanning about on the subject of copyright in its pages recently. Since I am an attorney (N.J. Bar) who has done some measure of copyright work recently, I will, as a public service, endeavour to explain some of the more general aspects of copyright law, in what hopefully are terms readily accessible to the laity.

Until 1 January 1978, copyrights in the United States were governed by the Copyright Act of 1909, as amended, which in turn was based on previous copyright laws going back to the early days of the Republic. Unfortunately, the 1909 Act was riddled with various deficiencies, which grew more noisome as the years went on; even so, it was not until 1955 that any serious attempt was made to revise the law. Congress, moving as usual with all deliberate speed, finally passed a bill on the matter in 1976, twenty-one years later. President Ford signed it on 19 October 1976 as Public Law 94-553 (90 Stat. 2541). Even so, the new Copyright Act of 1976 (hereinafter, "the Act") did not enter into force until 1 January 1978.

This law has totally changed copyright law in the United States, and for the better. Unless you have works published or registered for copyright in the United States prior to 1 January 1978 (more about those in Part II), you can forget about the old rules; they no longer apply.

Copyrights, under the Act, may be claimed in "original works of authorship" which includes (but is not limited to) literary works, musical compositions, dramatic works (including motion pictures), pantomimes & choreographic works, pictures & graphic arts, computer software, sound recordings, &c. Certain things are not copyrightable: improvisations not recorded, titles, names, and slogans; logos; typefaces; ideas, principles and processes; and works such as standard calendars, tape measures, &c., which are entirely common information.

Under the Act, common-law copyright has been abolished. Copyright protection now begins from the time the work is created in a fixed form, and immediately becomes the property of the author, except if the work was "made for hire" (eg, by an employee or on commission if so noted in writing). In joint works, the authors are co-owners of the copyright, barring an agreement to the contrary. In periodicals or collective works, each separate work is vested with copyright in its author, as distinct from the work as a whole.

The duration of copyright is now from the moment of creation (NOT publication - more on this later) through the author's life and for 50 years thereafter; in the case of joint works, for 50 years after the death of the last surviving author. However, in the case of anonymous or pseudonymous works (unless the Copyright Office is given the author's true identity) and works for hire, the duration is 75 years from publication or 100 from creation, whichever is shorter.

The distinction between "creation" and "publication" is important. Creation occurs when the work is fixed in a copy or a "phonorecord" for the first time; i.e., a material copy is produced. Publication is defined by the Act as follows:

"Publication" is the distribution of copies or phonorecords of a work to the public by sale or other transfer of ownership, or by rental, lease, or lending. The offering

to distribute copies or phonorecords to a group of persons for purposes of further distribution, public performance, or public display, constitutes publication. A public performance or display . . . does not of itself constitute publication."

In other words, this-zine's appearance in APA-Filk is an act of publication, although it was created on & around 25 January. Also, publication brings the requirement of a notice of copyright on all published copies and a mandatory deposit with the Library of Congress, within 3 months of publication. You must deposit 2 copies/phonorecords. Oddly enough, a failure to deposit may result in fines or penalties, but it will not affect copyright protection, per se.

Why? Because copyright production, being inherent, cannot be taken away by a procedural error. Registration with the Library of Congress is, generally, a legal formality, and not a requirement for protection. BUT - and this is most important - registration is necessary to file infringement suits. It will also serve as prima facie evidence of copyright validity and serve as a record thereof. More importantly, without it you cannot recover statutory damages or attorneys' fees (nothing is said about court costs, as I suppose this is left to the discretion of the Federal courts). This is worth noting, as without registration only actual damages suffered will be awarded - only the actual losses one has suffered through a violation of copyright can be recovered, and no greater penalties imposed. Thus, there is every reason to register your works. Your \$10 fee is well worth it.

In addition to the \$10 fee, you have to fill out the proper application form. These are as follows:

- Form TX : Published & unpublished non-dramatic literary works.
- Form PA : Published & unpublished works of the "performing arts"
- Form VA : Published & unpublished works of the "visual arts"
- Form SR : Published & unpublished sound recordings.
- Form SE : Published & unpublished serials (New).
- Form RE : Renewal of copyright under the old law.
- Form CA : Supplementary corrections/amplifications.
- Form GR/CP: Adjunct registration of a group of contributions to periodicals.
- Form IS : Request for an import statement under manufacturing provisions (more in Part II about this),

With the fee and the relevant form, a deposit of the work being registered is required: one copy/phonorecord for unpublished works; two copies/phr. for works published in the U.S. after 1/1/78; one copy for works first published outside the U.S. at any time; and one copy of a collective work for a contribution to that work, if published after 1/1/78. Incidentally, all these copies/phonorecords must be "best edition" if published, albeit the term "best edition" is not defined in the Act. All these must be sent together, or they will be returned.

There must be a notice of copyright on all published works; the symbol of a C in a circle (alas, my typewriter cannot reproduce it) or the word "copyright", or its abbreviation "copr."; the year of first publication, and the name of the owner of the copyright. Phonorecords of sound recordings use a P in a circle, but are otherwise the same, except the word "copyright" is not used.

(Incidentally, motion picture or other audiovisual soundtracks are not copyrightable separately, as sound recordings, but are copyrighted with the "underlying dramatic work").

Who can submit these registration forms? The author(s), obviously; or the person(s) having the rights to the work, or the owner of any exclusive rights; or the agent of any of these.

Copyrights are personal property rights; they may be transferred, devised, or inherited just like a diamond brooch, and, therefore, such transfers are subject to state laws and regulations on these. Most copyright transfers are by contract. A transfer of exclusive rights must be by a writing signed by the owner of the rights being transferred, or his authorised agent; other transfers do not have to be in writing, but you'd be a damn fool not to do so. Transfers do not have to be recorded, but I would advise that they be recorded to protect the rights of all concerned.

Transfers may be terminated by the transferor after 35 years by written notice but, as with other rights, this may be waived by contract.

Most of this information, and more, is available in Circular R1 from the U.S. Copyright Office; write to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20559 (to whom, also, all copyright registrations should go), or call 202-287-8700. I also want to thank Lee Burwasser and John Boardman for their help in researching this article; I leaned rather heavily on Library of Congress circulars and the Copyright Law Reporter in writing this.

Next issue of APA-Filk: Part II, discussing copyright litigation, international copyrights, rights granted by copyright, the remnants of the 1909 Act, and other relevant data.

I apologise if I have given hasty treatment to any area I have discussed. This was intended as a basic overview, not an exhaustive study, and I left out many of the minor technicalities. I will be glad to help any member of APA-Filk with his/her copyright questions or problems. And since the Copyright Office is a Federal agency, I can represent anyone in the U.S. before it, no matter where they come from, and am willing to do so.

@@@@@@@@@@@@

In a lighter vein . . .

"Kasr-el-Nil barracks . . . was still the centre of British military power in Egypt during (World War II). In 1897 a traveller reported that the favourite marching song of the British troops . . . was 'When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire'. By the 1940s the flavour of the occupation had changed, and much the best-known Anglo-Egyptian song, performed with cheerful disrespect on every route march, began with the words: 'King Farouk, King Farouk, 'Ang 'is bollocks on a 'look . . .'"

- James Morris, Pax Britannica: The Climax of an Empire (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968), pp.208-09

Can anyone tell me how that song goes? It sound positively fascinating. And does anyone know the rest of the WWII parody of the Egyptian National Anthem that begins:

"We're poor black bastards but we do love our King;
In the flicks every evening you can hear us all sing . . ."

The rest of which is generally supposed to be unprintable.

@@@@@@@@

Ans speaking of military filk, does anyone know the Northern parody of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" that ended:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! For Northern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the grand old flag that bears the Stripes and Stars!"

@@@@@@@@

Or the British parody of "Die Wacht Am Rhein" which had in it the line,
"Oh, we'll wind up the watch on the Rhine"?

@@@@@@@@

SHREDS & PATCHES:

Comments on APA-FILK, 12th Mailing:

Cover: Is that Falstaff?

SING SPIEL #12(Blackman): Technically, to quote short passages of another person's work is not a copyright violation (see article, above) but you said that yourself. If you had had to ask me, I would have charged.

Strum und Drang #4(Burwasser): Why not? Most have already seen S****k-o before, n'est ce pas?

Anakreon #12(Boardman): I am ashamed at my ignorance, but what, or who, is Asatru?

The Christians have some nerve to complain about Pagan "human sacrifice". Do they realize how revolting the transubstantiation of the Mass is to many non-Christians (especially in Asia)?

Filkers Do It Till Dawn(Groot): Gordy is a mad filker. He was at every filksing at Denvention, if I recall rightly.

HDSQ #8(Kare): RAE, BNC.

And, since I can't think of any more comments on #12, I'll comment on my copy of John's Anakreon #13, which I have here in my hot little hand.

Anakreon #13(Boardman): When I was in college, I had a friend who was an active YAFer, and he showed me a copy of a YAF songbook. This included the song you quoted, but slightly varied:

"In the Kremlin, down in Moscow, in the fall of '39,

Sat a Russian and a Prussian, drawing up the Party Line

"CHORUS: Oh, my darlin', oh my darlin',

Oh my darlin' Party Line,

I will follow you forever

Ev'ry jot and ev'ry line.

"Leon Trotsky was a Nazi, in the fall of '39,

And I can't remember the rest. The songbook also included "God Bless Free Enterprise," which differed from the version you have only in that the line "Good old Wall Street, may she grow!" was replaced by "Obscene profits, may they grow!"

My friend also knew the "Ratfinks" song to the tune of "Jingle Bells," and if I may quote it (with apologies to the possibly offended - I'm Jewish, by the by):

"Dashing through the snow

In a black Mercedes-Benz

Killing all the k***s,

Laughing with my friends"

And the rest I have mercifully forgotten.

The National Youth Alliance was taken over by the Liberty Lobby, a crazy anti-Semitic proto-Fascist group, whose leader, Willis Carto, is so loony that National Review ran an exposé of him some ten or so years back.

When I graduated from Drew University in 1976, I attended a baccalaureate service (non-denominational) which closed with the Methodist hymn "God the Omnipotent". After the first bar, I realized that the tune was that of Boshe Tzaria Chranyi!, the national anthem of Imperial Russia, and a quite beautiful tune in its own right.

(Incidentally, the only 2 national anthems that I can play well on the piano are the above and - the Internationale!).

Many national anthems have been set to other tunes. Of course, Deutschland

itself technically a filk, being set to Haydn's Emperor Concerto, and the tune has also been used as the old Austrian Nationalhymne, using the words:

"Gott erhalte, gott beschütze
Unser Kaiser, unser Land . . ."
(God save, God protect
Our Emperor, our land . . .)

But if you want the most-used national anthem of all, it has to be God Save the King/Queen, which has also done duty as an American patriotic song ("My country 'tis of Thee"), the Swiss National Anthem ("Rufst du, mein Vaterland") and the old Prussian royal anthem, "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" (Hail to Thee in conqueror's crown). It is said that during Kaiser Wilhelm II's reign, his passion for traveling inspired a parody, "Heil dir im Sonderzug" (Hail to Thee in the special train). And the tune has been used for innumerable filksongs; it's probably second only to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in that regard. If only Henry Carey still had copyright, he'd make a bundle. That Freudian filksong is by Melanie Safka, and it's titled "Psychotherapy". The only verse I know, which I've culled from Amra #58, v.II, goes thusly:

"Freud's mystic world of meaning needn't have us mystified,
It's really very simple, what the psyche tries to hide.
A thing's a phallic symbol, if it's longer than it's wide,
As the Id goes marching on.

"Glory, glory psychotherapy . . ."

And I'd be mucho obligado if someone could get me the other verses.

I'll agree with you on second marriages: I'll bet Berengaria was a lot happier with her second marriage, too, as, no doubt, was Isabella, widow of Edward II. Which brings to mind James I's boast that "he swore that he was the chastest prince for women there ever was, for he never would touch any other woman than his wife." I'll believe that. Just ask the Duke of Buckingham.

Is it possible that there has been a good supernova somewhere in our galaxy recently, and the light simply hasn't reached us yet?

@@@@@@@@

One last word on the neo-Pagans. Last October, I was struck down with hepatitis, and had to go to the hospital. In concern for my condition, on the same weekend Brian Burley had his Pagan circle do a 'zap' (I think that was the word) in my behalf, and my rabbi said a prayer for me on Shabbos.

Now, as those who know me well know, I am pretty much an agnostic and a scientific rationalist. However, the worst effects of the hepatitis cleared up quite soon after that weekend - much earlier, my doctor assured me, than normal for my condition.

Well, it doesn't hurt to have both Big Mama and Big Daddy on your side!

@@@@@@@@

Which remind one of a judge who, some years ago, angry at a U.S. Supreme Court ruling that nude go-go dancing was legally a form of symbolic speech protected under the 1st Amendment, wrote the following verse:

The high court's logic is to teach
That dancing is a form of speech
And terpsichorean convolution
Is protected by the Constitution.
So bestiality's a crime
But not when done in 3/4 time.
And judges will have little chance
With felons who know how to dance.

There has been little legal filking around, although Ripley's Believe It or Not once told of a French lawyer who put the Code Napoleon into verse.

However, at least one case known to man was so zany that it inspired a piece of legal filk which is even incorporated in a ~~text~~ casebook! The case was a (what else) tort claim from England. The case was Brimelow v. Casson, Chancery Division, 1923, (1924) 111 Ch. 302, and I am here quoting the synopsis from Cases and Materials on Torts, by William L. Prosser (Foundation Press, 1976):

"The case deals with the misfortunes of a burlesque troop known as the Wu Tut Tut Revue, which was touring the south counties of England under the management of one Jack Arnold. Arnold underpaid the chorus girls so badly that they were forced to eke out a living by plying another and an older trade. As the sordid tale was unfolded in court, it appeared that one of the girls had even been compelled by economic necessity to live in immorality with an abnormal and deformed dwarf, who was a member of the company. The secretary of the Actors' Association, named Lugg, took hold of the situation on behalf of the girls, and persuaded the owners of the theatres with which Arnold had contracts to cancel them unless higher wages were paid. This resulted in the troupe being stranded in the town of Maidenhead. A bill in equity was brought on behalf of the owners of the troupe against the representatives of the union to enjoin them from inducing the breaches of contract)

"Russell, J. It is difficult to speak of this condition of things without restraint. A young girl, almost a child, forced by underpayment to continue in sexual association with this abnormal man is, to my mind, a terrible and revolting tragedy . . ."

Many years ago, a Harvard Law School student, Donald MacNeil, decided to state the case as follows:

The Ballad of Brimelow v. Casson
The ladies of the chorus of the Wu Tut Tut Revue
Through Economic Pressure had their virtue to eschew,
'Twas economic pressure that accounts for their proclivity
To supplement their earnings with professional activity.
That poor benighted maiden didn't say this just for fun,
"If Snow White lived with seven dwarfs, well I can live with one."
An economic royalist*, Jack Arnold was his name,
Began this competition with the houses of ill fame.
'Twas some ironic destiny by which the troupe was led
That prompted them to end their tour at England's Maidenhead.
The matter was reported to our hero, labour's Lugg,
Who vowed he'd get Jack Arnold even though it meant the jug.
He gathered up the union's most persuasive breach inducers,
To tell this sad and sordid tale to Arnold's pet producers.
I'm proud to say the latter said they didn't give a damn
About Jack Arnold's contract, and they closed him like a clam.
I'm prouder of the Chancellor, who didn't bat an eye,
But calmly told Jack Arnold that his action wouldn't lie.
So here's to Merrie England, let the Union Jack unfurl,
The Chancellor and Heaven will protect the working girl.

For the laypersons in the audience, "Breach inducers" means persons who wish to induce others to breach, or break, contracts, and "His action wouldn't lie" means that since the defendants had justification for their acts, not cause of action - i.e., reason for suit - was present, and, therefore, no action lies against the defendants.

And let it not be forgot that one of the greatest lyricist of all time - W.S. Gilbert - was a barrister-at-law, and, in later life, a J.P. Several of his Bab Ballads were technically filks - they were set to existing tunes (most of which, alas, have disappeared from human ken), and he wrote the immortal lines:

"When'er he heard a tale of woe/From Client A or Client B,

His grief would overcome him so/He'd scarce have strength to take

-----his-fee"

* this phrase clearly dates the song from the late 1930's.

STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. IV, #1

SuD

Roodmas

By Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781. For APA-FILK #13, February 1982 as the Hvitikrisi reckon.

FROM THE EX-INDEXER: Nobody came up with a good reason to continue the index, so it's discontinued. However, I will continue the retrospective ToC. It will appear in the next mailing.

I'm indexing SuD. Anyone who decides to auto-index, send it on its own page; then John can gather them all in a bunch with the ToC in #14. Those who send stencils might send instructions to print that one with any other autoindices rather than with the rest of one's own contrib.

T W A N G S

SingSpiel (Blackman): Citing a name is not violation of copyright. (As a matter of fact, names weren't copyrightable, as of the previous law.) The custom of 'to the tune of' is so old and so widespread that I can't see anyone making anything of it, no matter how pissed they get. (In case you missed it, Harold had the title.)

ANAKREON (Boardman): ROTR (yawn). NeoPaganism seems to rank pretty low (and pretty rank, too) in filk inspiration. They can't all be Fred Kuhns, but . . .

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Ugh. Do you have an arm left? Better lie down til the world goes away. Failing that, keep on filking.

H D S Q (Kare): Good luck with the press.

SoN (Lipton): 'Unpublished copyright' applies to unpublished work. Last I heard, the definition of unpublished was 'less than fifty copies'. That makes APA=FILK published, even if postage doesn't count as 'money changing hands'. Remember, too, that most of us do up more than the copy count.

N O O D L I N G S

As I promised, annotations for "Morgan's Puppies".

Morgan is Baron Saint Morgan Elandris. She is baron of the Hael, and head of House Elandris.

It is not true that everyone in House Elandris is a fighter. A lot of them are, though; and it is true that the fighters of House Elandris are the premier melee team of three kingdoms at least. They don't march in step -- that would be out of period even for them -- but they stay in rank, they keep up their drill, and they're generally in a position to take advantage of having the tactician of three kingdoms in their number.

So anyway: Sita and I were at the heralds' point, where the fighters came to get the helm markers that showed which side they were on. Here comes this black-and-silver column cresting the hill, with a six-foot elf at their head. Sita says, "Look! it's Morgan walking her puppies!"

A C O N T E S T

With prizes, nature as yet undetermined. Except that one will probably be whisky. To go to the first person (or team) to write, launch, and get accepted as regular filk (i.e., sung by people with no connection to the author(s) at four or more cons in the space of a year) a song in which the *D*o*r*s*a*i* LOSE!!

General qualification: funny. You don't have to make Gordy Dickson laugh, but you do have to make me laugh. Or at least grin. It is not enough to make Dorsai-haters laugh, though if you can't do that, you'd better start over or else forget about it.

the categories:

- 1) Irregular - a song in which either irregulars successfully pull one of their stunts on regulars, or regulars successfully squelch irregulars. NOT acceptable: songs where one side shoots the other's fox, so to speak.
- 2) No Bars Hold - a song in which some character(s) from outside the Dorsai story-universe whips Dorsai. NOT acceptable: variations on "I close the book".
- 3) the Grand Prize - a song, set entirely within the Dorsai story-universe, in which Dorsai come off decidedly second-best.

relevant announcement:

I'll need scouts in the rest of the country (i.e., anywhere north of Philly, south of DC, and west of the coast) or I won't hear about the entrants. If any. Those who care to send word of a qualified entry, my address is on page 1.

On Bardic Circles & Other Perversions

The bardic circle at Pennsic X suffered from inexperience more than anything else, but whether subsequent efforts will amend it is a question. SCAdians in general suffer from "Organization is a Dirty Word".

When you have a couple dozen singers, much less a couple score, you have to organize them, if you want to get anything done. The biggest problem of a bardic circle, or similar sings, is the Tragedy of the Commons: what's to the advantage of each singer is to the detriment of the circle as a whole.

At Pennsic X, I sang one song at the beginning of the circle, and then waited for my turn to come round again. Unfortunately, no one else seemed to have that much restraint. Long songs, multiple songs, a history of Scotland (well, it seemed like the entire history) -- so many performers were determined to jam as much as they could into their turn that it took hours to get around the circle a single time. This does not help.

Unfortunately, the response is usually Get As Much Into My Turn As I Can. In the classic Tragedy of the Commons, each farmer puts one more cow, and one more, and one more, onto the common grazing lands, until the commons are overgrazed and they all starve. Any farmer who didn't keep increasing his herd starved anyway, without getting even the short-term benefits of a bigger herd while the grass lasted.

That's where organisation comes in. Set up rules. This is anathema to all too many, but the alternative is circles and sings that bog down from sheer weight of numbers.

One possible set of rules:

1. Singing turns will follow the seating. Each singer gets one and only one turn until all have sung. If you're not there when your turn comes 'round, you wait til next round.
2. One song per turn. No exceptions.
3. Twelve verses maximum, and if there's that many, they better be good.
4. You Know Very Well What's Off Limits. Anything beyond the pale forfeits all claims of courtesy.
5. No endless songs until half the singers have already crashed. Specifically; no one will sing "Real Old Time Religion", "Marching Song of the League of the Friends of Sauron", "Imperium Compound" or "Bloody Well Dead" until such time. Anyone may sing one limerick for your turn, but only when your regular turn comes around; this limerick counts as one song, and uses up that turn.

Bards made triads for mnemonic purposes, so I've made an Ennead -- a triad of triads -- on:

What NOT to Do at the Bardic Circle

I Don't be a boor.

1. Don't be noisy when other sing; only a hog (see below) deserves that discourtesy. If the song is offensive, get up and say so.
2. Don't step on anyone else's song. Especially if you're in a group, don't abuse your ability to drown out individuals.
3. Don't start endless songs early in the evening, or keep them going past the first break. Add-a-verse can be very easily overdone; when invention starts to flag, go on to something else. There is no need whatsoever to do the entire 'Real Old Time Religion', even if you have 666 verses.

II Don't hog the stage.

1. Don't sing long songs; not only are other waiting their turn, you'll lose your audience. A song has to be very good, or on a vitally interesting topic, to hold a modern audience longer than half a dozen verses.
2. Don't sing more than one song at a time. Let the rest have their chance to perform, before you go on again.
3. Don't make long or rambling introductions. (If the intro is part of the performance, include it in your time limit for the song.) It's a bad habit to try to talk yourself out of stage fright, explaining and making apologies instead of singing; if you've already gotten into that habit, break it. Short, well-considered intros, rehursed if necessary.

III Don't wreck the mood.

1. Don't be above the pleasure of the company. (Fine to pretend so for a joke, but if you're too convincing, it'll fall flat.) Don't trot out an epic while the company is still trading limericks; wait til they've finished.
2. Don't crowd in with something widely at variance from the last turn; give

the audience time to react and recover. Especially if you follow a serious or sentimental song with a rowdy or comic one, be careful not to seem glad that boring nuisance is over.

3. Don't go outside the ground rules. In a SCAdian circle, for instance, don't sing "Camelot" or "Pollution"; at a filksing, don't do "Pastures of Plenty" or "Long Black Rifle"; and while a lot of SCAdian songs go well at a filksing, not even "Hope Eyrie" fits into a bardic circle. It is no justification if the rest of the singers follow your lead -- they're most likely making the best of a spoiled evening.

F I L K T H E M I D D I E S

I didn't see a great deal of PhilCon '81; spent the daytime setting up for the evenings. The con was (*gasp*) Organised: there was an Operations room, where they had schedules of what was where when, and sign materials wherewith to make large, legible signs, and people who could set things up. The people tended to wander, tho, so you sometimes had to chase them down. Eventually I got us booked into the parlor opposite registration and next to the game rooms for Friday night.

I also got myself crash space for the weekend with another filker, which is always a good thing. When you know you'll both be at the last session, you don't have to chase after each other for the keys after midnight. Before midnite, yes, but not after.

Friday night was a group sing, the first in too long. We started on the silly section of WESTERFILK, of which we had enough copies that everyone could read off somebody's. Then we went to the oldies out of NESFA HYMNAL, of which there were only two or three, but we managed. Mainly, I think, because the tunes were familiar ones instead of being original to the songs. (I dearly love Leslie Fish, but she composes for her range, not us puny humans.)

We missed Harald, who has a good lead. Crystal had her guitar, but her voice is too soft, and for most of us too high, to follow. My voice is stronger, but my range is funny, and I haven't played guitar in years. For some reason, a group invariably looks to the guitarist to be songleader; Crystal got off because she's sneaky and sings soprano.

We solved the problem of endless songs by proclaiming No Endless Songs Before Midnight. And we were going so well at midnite that we pushed them back again. Some potentially endless songs (I think "Banned From Argo") we admitted by decreeing that only what was in WESTERFILK would be sung. I don't think we'd've managed half so well Friday without WESTERFILK; a good, popular songbook is invaluable.

Now and then people fell into gossip &/or discussion, but we solved this by crying "Let's sing, for Ghu's sake!" It works, if you don't leave it too long, and if the group is sung in before the gossip starts. At one point, people started telling lightbulb jokes; we decreed No Lightbulb Jokes at a Filksing (unless, of course, you set them to music).

Some time later, I sang to Bob and John: "Changing the lightbulb, changing the light bulb / You'll come a-changing the lightbulb with me." John sang: "And we sang as we opened up another ethnic group." Bob went mumble-mumble-scrawl-scrawl and came up with a verse, which he no doubt put into SoN this distribution. Didn't you, Bob?

Booking for Saturday night was harder, because something was supposed to be somewhere, but never did show. We got the same site.

We'd planned to have a more MidWestern sytle, now we were sung in. It didn't quite work out.

PhilCon was awkwardly scheduled for me, coming as it did between the week my rent fell due and the week I got paid. It was awkward for everyone, coming on the weekend of the Army-Navy game; the midshipmen were in our hotel. Drunk, of course--what else to expect. But the game had gone badly somehow, and a lot of 'em were sullen drunk. Some were nasty drunk.

Not all, by any means. Three showed up at the filksing. We handed them "Outer Space Marines", and they serenaded us.

But there were problems. At first, the hotel hassled us--the easier targets--but it was too plain that the middies were out of hand. Their commanding officers ended up patrolling the corridors. Even so, we heard the hotel was going to complain to Annapolis.

The worst problem had nothing to do with their behavior. There were too many of them. PhilCon plus the middies plus a nursing convention equals two busted elevators and none that work well. If you wanted to get from the 3d floor to the 22d, you walked. Even if an elevator arrived, it was too full for another passenger. This kind of hindered free flow of traffic, and a lot of people simply didn't move around enough to get to us. I know we had word of another sing on the ~~four~~thirteenth floor, to which some of us considered adjourning. But a ten-floor climb . . . Nor did any of us take up an offer to counteract a middy on the 20th or 22d floor by singing him out.

We did have a Saturday sing, tho it went by fits and starts most of the night. I did three lightbulb jokes to music, and repeated them later when new ~~victim~~ ears turned up. One set of new ears belonged to Fred Kuhn; he has a different idea for the tune to set them to, so we may well have two distince traditions.

If a lightbulb in New York City should burn out at last,
How many people to change would it need?
None of your goddamned business, if you have to ask--
You'll come a-changing the lightbulb with me.

Of eco-freaks there must be ninety-three million and one
To screw in a lightbulb organically:
One screws it in; the rest run a cord out to the sun--
You'll come a-changing the lightbulb with me.

How many filkers, of this bunch now wall-to-wall
Can screw in a lightbulb in the key of C [sharp!]?
Two might well manage, if the two are very small--
You'll come and screw in a lightbulb with me.

No guitar until very late. Crystal was at the ~~14~~ 13th floor sing, and only showed up down at the parlor at 2 or 3 o'clock. We were often short of older hymnals, too, and we'd sucked WESTERFILK fairly dry early on--it's second straight day, after all. There is need for a sturgeonised songbook, of which more later.

I got a chance to copy "You Bash the Balrog", and two or three of us reconstructed most of "Marcus Told Us"--enough to fake it. Earlier, I'd picked up a songbook with "the Novice" (aka "SCA Meets Reality", t/n "What Made You Seek the Past") and sang that to the group, I think sometime after Crystal came down. Personally, Staruday was profitable.

[Waitaminute. I put "Balrog" with my notes from the steri/arche-type panel. Now, where did I put . . . ?]

And now I have a short, sad duty to perform.

One of the most persistant forces in keeping east-coast filk alive is the foghorns: as John Boardman once put it, the rest join in to drown them out. It's a great way to start a sing. Often it's the only way, when the background noise is high.

The trouble comes after the song gets going. No one can lead against foghorns at full blast. That doesn't matter so much on things like "Outer Space Marines"; the tune is utterly familiar to everyone, we've all heard & sung it since we were kids. It's when . . .

Well, we were trying to do "Banned From Argo" Saturday night. Original tune, you'll recall, and not everyone knows it. And not all who do know it are sure of it. That's when you need a song leader. That's what I tried to be. But even against one foghorn, I'd've had to shout instead of sing; there were three of them -- none singing the right tune. I gave up.

Foghorns, we do appreciate you. I do, anyway, and I'll kick the shins off anyone who doesn't. But once the group is singing Cut the Volume so someone who can sing has a chance to lead. You can, too, sing softly, if you practice.

Sunday, Crystal and I came up with the motto: FILK THE MIDDIES! I passed it, and a longer version (Don't Nuke the Whales, Filk the Middies!) to Nancy the Button-Calligrapher. And on the bus home Sunday night, inspiration struck.

FILK THE MIDDIES

tune: Fight Fiercely, Harvard
(but for Ghu's sake, keep up the speed)

Filk middies, PhilCon: filk, filk, filk!
They've given us a song or two.
We're not unacquainted with their ilk;
Surely we know what to do!

In all that night of fight and revelry,
There are so many tales of deviltry.
(How shocking!)
Cull that patch assiduously,
And filk, filk, filk!

(continued)

Filk the Middies (cont)

Filk middies, PhilCon: filk, filk, filk!
 Chronicle the foll-de-roll.
 Their CO's good humor must be zilk:
 I'm sure they don't like room patrol.

Oh, yes, those middies should remember us
 When they've sobered up at Anapolis --
 ('Ten-SHUT!!)
 Their records must look slightly mussed,
 So filk, filk, filk!

(Let's not be coarse, tho--)
 Filk, filk, filk!
 (--Unless we have to.)
 Filk, filk, filk!

On Sturgeonised Songbooks

WESTERFILK has the lowest proportion of crud to songs of any songbook I've ever seen. Unfortunately, it achieves this by being very short. It hardly lasts an hour, especially if you're too far gone to dare the serious section.

But WESTERFILK has shown the way:

Hey, fen, what's the good of printing 90%
 shit?

Because that's what you do when you try to put every last verse to every last song ever written. Most songs deserve oblivion -- why waste ink on them? Why make your potential customers ask themselves if it's worth \$7 or \$8 or \$10 for a pile of junk, in order to get the half-dozen good songs they don't have yet? 'Cause I'll clue ya, pals: a lot of times, they decide it ain't.

A songbook is the better for being wieldy, too. Tons of obscure songs, and of once-sung-and-should-have-been-forgotten verses to known songs, merely take up space and leafing time. If any of us know of a hymnal coming out, let's spread the word: a smaller book, of songs that get sung fairly often, will be much more useful than an attic-full of crud.

a r e t r a c t i o n

Last quarter, I recounted the Tale of Gavin's Ransom. In it, I said that the keg in question was barely broached. I have been corrected: it was half empty. Or half full, if you prefer the positive. As my informant said "Aelfwine can't carry fifteen gallons of mead on his shoulder. He may think he can, when he's got enough of it down him . . ." So it was only seven or eight gallons. A clear case of quality over quantity.

This one is dedicated to Creationists and Creationism. The title refers to the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

Second Law in Action

[tune: 12 Days of Christmas]

In the first hours of creation, the photons socked to me:
a warm, broth-of-nutrient sea.

In the second hour of creation, the photons socked to me:
floating DNA in a warm broth-of-nutrient sea.

[need I go on? here's the last verse]

In the twelfth hour of creation, the photons socked to me:

- [12] a hand that seems all thumbs; and
- [11] insulating hair; and
- [10] legs to fasten on to the
- [9] bony vertebrae on the
- [8] (a) dorsal notochord, with
- [7] bilateral symmetry, in the
- [6] specialising hosts of the
- [5] mitochondria;
- [4] eucariotes that merge from the
- [3] prokariotes from the
- [2] floatin DNA, in
- [1] a warm, broth-of-nutrient sea.

Each semicolon marks a separate clause.

In case you've been isolated enough to miss them, the Creationists claim that evolution would violate Second Law, that prokariotes and eucariotes cannot possibly have evolved one from the other, and a great deal of similar garbage. My favorite, tho, is a claim they no longer make: that one Stephen Jay Gould "questions Darwin" (which he does, by the way) and does not accept evolution (which is a lie). The reason this is my favorite is the reason they don't say this any more; Gould has become the most prominent champion on the evolution side of the debate. Now that's natural selection.

For those unfamiliar with this style of notation:

Upper-case numerals signify a Major chord, lower-case a Minor chord.

The numbers refer to the notes in a given scale. Thus, 'I' would be C on the C-scale, F on the F-scale, G on the G-scale and so forth. 'IV' would be F on the C-scale, Bb on the F-scale, C on the G-scale, et cetera. 'v7' would be G⁷, C⁷ and D⁷ respectively. 'vi' would be a minor (lower-case number), d minor or e minor.

This system seems complex to use, because instead of giving you specific chords, it gives you the intervals for transposition.

While I'm at it, here are the chords for "Herald and Minstrel", from last time. First verse has the chords to "Misty Moisty Morning" from NORDSKOGGEN SONGBOOK, last verse has them in numerical notation.

The night was dark and chilly, with the torches burning high,
We sat about the camp to talk until the dawn was nigh,
But then out from the shadows there, a voice began to sing:
"O Herald, come: O herald, come: O come, attend your king!"

^I Now, ^V thinking back upon that night, and on its happy end,
^I I wonder still if Cambion got more ^{*} than they had spent;
^I A keg of anything is small, ^V with Gavin in the ring:
^I O Herald, come: or someone come, ^{vi} and ^V take away ^I your king!

* Oops! Not such a good example after all. This chord is out of the normal key; in musical notation, the 'F' (in the key of G) would be marked as natural rather than sharped as the key-signature indicates, and the chord is accordingly F-natural to match it.

But I think the rest of the verse demonstrates the method well enough.

A Little Late or a Lot Early Dept.

Winter solstice is past, but there's always next year. And to judge from the selection in ANAKREON last quarter, there are damned few good solstice carols around. I wonder if any of the Pagani bother to look up the old-style Xmas songs, that might very well use pagan tunes. Or simply good folk-tunes that, for whatever reason, didn't stay in common use. Few people would immediately recognise "March of the Three Kings", or "the Holly and the Ivy" as Xmas carols, while the thoroughly unchristian "Deck the Halls" has been completely taken over; everyone associates it with Xmas

I wrote "Torch Carol" two or three years ago, as a specifically solstice--i.e., NOT Xmas--carol. I used "Jeannette, Isabella" for my tune-source because I

Glasser

= 10 =

read once that it came from a Festival-of-Lights sort of tradition in Provence.

TORCH CAROL

[tune: Jeannette, Isabella]

F d g a C
Torches here! the darkness lingers.
F d g C7 F
Torches here! the night is cold.
F C7 F
Far and faint is the sun in the heavens,
Bb C Bb a C
Bitter the winter wind is calling:
F C F C F C7
Hai! Hai! Long are the shadows falling.
F C F C7 F
Hai! Hai! Cold is the world and drear.

Torches here, to light the battle;
Torches here! the list is drawn.
Fire and Frost are now contending--
Light and Dark, the war unending--
Hai! Hai! Who will now win the victory?
Hai! Hai! Who will be master here?

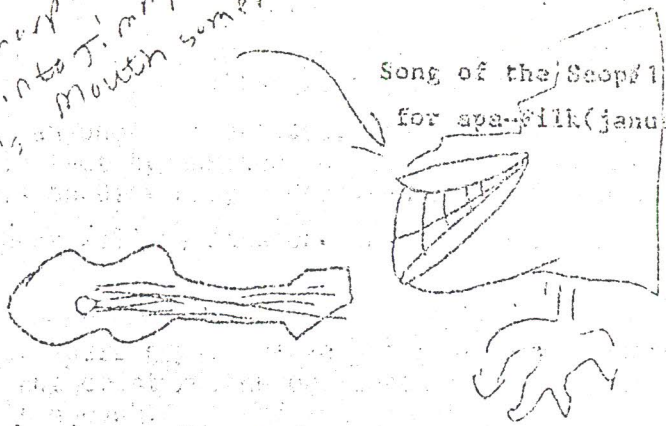
Torches here! The sunrise glimmers.
Torches here, to welcome the day.
Now the strength of Light is growing--
Hear the waking cattle lowing--
Hai! Hai! Now is the day unfolding:
Hai! Hai! Now is the Waxing Year!

The rime-scheme is virtually nonexistent, since the only translations I had of "Jeannette" had no rime at all. The last word of each stanza rimes, and there's a feminine rime in each verse, tho not always in the same place. 4 & 5 in the first verse, 3 & 4 in the second and third. Despite this artistic irregularity, I think this is the best of my solstice carols.

Where is Jonathan Eberhart, and Who Can Get Hold of Him?

The 21 November 1981 SCIENCE NEWS had an article on solar sailing, with a 1975 folksong on the cover. We want J Eberhart. I know I've heard "Solar Privateer" (Harold, do you sing it?) but where is there more of the same?

The title was supposed to be a harp but turned into Jimmy Carter's Mouth somehow



Hyperthyroid Dwarf
Press
The Dwarf, prop
-or-
Dana Hudes
2 Tiana Pl.
Dix Hills NY
11746

Hiya! This is my first ish for this my 5th spa. I give you people till the summer collation to figure out what the title of the zine means, til then I'm not giving any hints. The following filk does not include a score since the music for the original is 1)readily available&2)rather heavily filked before this. Now...

Hacker's Lament is
(to "Waltzing Matilda"(you know the Aussie nat'l anthem) aka "Bouncing Potatoes"

Once, a jolly hacker sat down next to his VAX/ready to program in FORTRAN-IV
And he sang as he rattled his program code to be compiled/Why are they doing this to me?/
FORTRAN-IV, Fortran four, why are they doing this to me?/ And he sang as he watched his
program's run abort/Run time ~~xxxxx~~ abort oh why me?!

((Read 'IV' as 'four' read 'VAX' as one word not 'V-A-X')))

By next collation, I hope to have come up with 1)more time and 2)more verses. Contributions Welcome (I know you'll do it whether I like it or not go....)

that's all for this ish no waitasec I just remembered try this(I can't remember the name of the tune. I got from 1LT Chris Sarandos, USAF an ex-Navigator on a B-52(Med. Recongn)
(think of your own title jocko)

You'll never find a ~~fighter~~ pilot down in hel (down in hell) /You'll never find a pilot down in hell,/'cause hell is just for queers,/Navigator's, Bombardiers/You'll never find a pilot down in hell./ (2nd verse:)You can tell a Navigator by his ass(by his ass)/You can tell a Navigator by his ass,/'cause its forty inches wide/gettin' wider every ride/You can tell a Navigator by his ass.

there's a third verse, but Chris couldn't remember. I met while on an APROTC base visit to Wright-Patterson AFB. We were singing this and a few other songs down in the officer's club on the Saturday night of the base visit. I think we were on our 3d or 4th pitcher, about 9 pm when we started this particular. Anyhow, I've got to go study Calculus for tomorrow's final exam so I'll end this zine with the following: Keep your Guitar dry and your whistle wet, and happy ~~xxxxx~~ come up with some real cornball once in a while)
tail to you!

B4c
Dwarf

